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# Arcane

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## Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

A sword to your throat, and a tome in her left hand. Whoever this assassin was, she was good, and even you of all people knew that there was no escaping her tirade. Your eyes begin to slide. Seeing what will happen next will only make your death more stressful.

You don't even open them when the sword begins to move away, further and further away, until you hear the clear patter of shoes outside the door. She is running. A hand rushes to your throat - your own. No marks, no cuts, not even a bruise. Twenty of your men lay dead around you.

Confusion doesn't even begin to touch what you're feeling right now.

## Chapter 2 by Emily



You stand there, dumbfounded. Why did she leave you alive? Was this some kind of cruel torture, leaving you standing alone in a sea of dead bodies, no not bodies, friends. You were not only their superior, but their friend as well.

A small tear escapes from the corner of your eye. You don't know it, but from afar the assassin is

smiling. She's been waiting for this moment, for you to realize that she's the only one who can help you.

You pull yourself together and

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"He must never know who I am."

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Chapter 2 by TheSpartanSage



She shot into the darkness, hiding and melding into the shadows, avoiding the sight of even animals. She held the tomb close to her, knowing that while the job was done, she had no idea what sort of power she held in her hands, what she stole from your house.... The Necronomicon, book of the dead, and it was time to give it to her employer.

A man awaited her, tall, stocky and shrouded in a cloak the colour of night, with darkened steel armour covered that which was seen.

"Do you have the book, assassin?" He queries, his voice like thunder and rough like un-hewn stone. A creeping sense of dread fell over her, and she held out the tomb.

"Yes.. I have it... and the subject is unharmed" She says, a slight tremble in her voice as she holds out the book to him.

"Good." He replies, reaching out and taking the book with a skeletal arm, one made of only bone.

"Now leave assassin, before I use your corpse for my... experiments" The figure gives a dark grin, then slowly fades into mist. The assassin looks around for a few seconds, then bolts off to the nearest town, finding her pouch suddenly heavy with platinum coins, and her mind full of horrors.

## Chapter 4 by Danthepic



She looked around for a bit, her mind full of mysteries, and she spots a nearby tavern. Scared but also tired, she trots towards the shack only unaware about the horrors that await her.

She sits on a wooden bed with a shattered mattress and looked at the coins.

'Demon Atrina?' she mumbled as she inspected the coins,'But these coins are from the 5th dynasty...?' She threw the coins across the room with a loud shout of anger. She had been tricked! These coins are no longer valid.

She contemplated on the lives she had taken just for this.

Was the money worth it in the first place?

All those bodies and that one man.....that one man how saw.....the one man who saw it all. He had witnessed the terrors of the Necromonicon.

What he had seen no normal man could've witnessed.

'He must have God Eyes!!!' She exclaimed.

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